

*Verges.* If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

*Watch.* How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

*Dog.* Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

*Verges.* 'Tis verie true.

*Dog.* This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

*Verges.* Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

*Dog.* Five shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verges.* Birladie I thinke it be so.

*Dog.* Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

*Watch.* Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dog.* One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Leonatos doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Borachio and Conrade.*

*Bor.* What, Conrade?

*Watch.* Peace, stir not.

*Bor.* Conrade I say.

*Con.* Here man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bor.* Mas and my elbow itche, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

*Bor.* Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it driffels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

*Watch.* Some treason masters, yet stand close.

*Bor.* Therefore know, I haue earned of Don Iohn a thousand Ducates.

*Con.* Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

*Bor.* Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villians haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bor.* That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparell.

*Bor.* I meane the fashion.

*Con.* Yes the fashion is the fashion.

*Bor.* Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but see'st thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

*Watch.* I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

*Bor.* Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

*Con.* No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

*Bor.* See'st thou not (I say) what a deformed chiefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hor-

blonds, betweene foureteene & fiftie & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaes souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shauen Hercules in the smircht worst eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

*Con.* All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bor.* Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudio and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master Don Iohn, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

*Bor.* Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio, but the diuell my Master knew she was Margaret and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that Don Iohn had made, away vvent Claudio enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband.

*Watch.* 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.  
*Watch.* 2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve haue here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

*Watch.* 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a looke.

*Con.* Masters, masters.

*Watch.* 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters, neuer speake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

*Bor.* We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bills.

*Con.* A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.*

*Hero.* Good Ursula wake my cosin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Ursula.* I will Lady.

*Her.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well.

*Mar.* Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

*Boro.* No pray thee good Meg, Ile vveare this.

*Marg.* By my troth's not so good, and I vvarrant your cosin vwill say so.

*Boro.* My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

*Mar.* I like the new tye vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millaine's gowne that they praise so.

*Boro.* O that exceeds they say.

*Mar.* By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blew with tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Boro.* God

*Hero.* God giue mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

*Marga.* 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

*Marg.* Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thing doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, other wise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero.* Good morrow Coze.

*Beat.* Good morrow sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

*Mar.* Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

*Beat.* Ye Light alone with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

*Mar.* O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost fise a clocke cofin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

*Mar.* For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Mar.* Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

*Beat.* What meanes the foole trow?

*Mar.* Nothing I, but God send euery one their hart's desire.

*Hero.* These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuf cofin, I cannot smell.

*Mar.* A maid and stuf! there's goodly catching of colde.

*Beat.* O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

*Mar.* Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not scene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

*Mar.* Get you some of this distill'd cardus benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prickst her with a thissell.

*Beat.* Benedictus, why benedictus? you haue some morall in this benedictus.

*Mar.* Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet Benedicke was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

*Mar.* Not a false gallop.

*Ursula.* Madam, with signior Benedicke, Don Iohn townie are came to fetch y

*Hero.* Helpe to dresse good Ursula.

*Enter Leonato, and the Count.*

*Leonato.* What would you?

*Const. Dog.* Mary sir I with you, that decernes y

*Leon.* Brieft I pray you with me.

*Const. Dog.* Mary this it

*Head.* Yes in truth it is

*Leon.* What is it my ge

*Con. Do.* Goodman Ve

matter, an old man sir, and God helpe I would desire as the skin betwene his b

*Head.* Yes I thank God

uing, that is an old man, and

*Con. Dog.* Comparisons

bour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you

*Con. Dog.* It pleases you

the poore Dukes officers, b

if I were as tedious as a Kin

bestow it all of your worsh

*Leon.* All thy tediousnes

*Con. Dog.* Yea, and 't

than 'tis, for I heare as go

ship as of any man in the C

poore man, I am glad to he

*Head.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would faine kno

*Head.* Marry sir our wa

worships preference, haue

knauces as any in Messina.

*Con. Dog.* A good old m

they say, when the age is in

it is a world to see: well

well, God's a good man

one must ride behinde, an

troth he is, as euer broke b

shipt, all men are not alike

*Leon.* Indeed neighbour

*Con. Do.* Gifts that Go

*Leon.* I must leaue you.

*Con. Dog.* One word si

comprehended two aspicio

them this morning examin

*Leon.* Take their examin

me, I am now in great haste

*Const.* It shall be suffig

*Leon.* Drinke some win

*Messenger.* My Lord, t

daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* Ile wait vpon the

*Dogb.* Goe good partne

coale, bid him bring his pen

we are now to examine the

*Verges.* And we must do

*Dogb.* Wee will spare